



internal combustion

for patrick.  
♡

"even the moderns - all they've done is to abandon the wedding cake school in favor of the service station school, chucked away the gingerbread & slapped on some chromium, but at heart, they're as conservative & traditional as a country courthouse." - R. Heinlein



## my own alphabet.

the first edition, but actually the fourth volume in patrick mullins' encyclopedia. each volume centering on one letter of the alphabet.

\$1.00 ppd.

## sap #3

the final chapter in the sap trilogy. written by ian lynam and kim fem and lovingly illustrated by simon gane. tull color cover.

\$2.00 ppd.

## alphonse

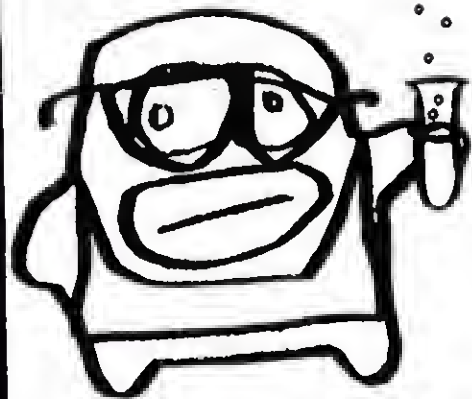
alphonse was this man who went door-to-door sharpening and selling knives from a pushcart throughout maria's childhood. maria's twenty-three now and this is in it's third printing.

\$2.00 ppd.

**p.o. box 673, portland, or 97207**

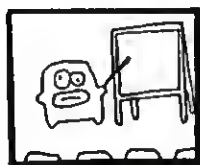
send a stamp and get a catalog for the latest news, fool.

# the migraine entertainment syndicate

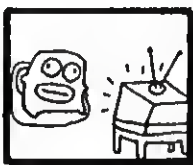


PROGRESS.

great strides  
are being  
taken within  
our corporation  
to ensure that  
you, the fine  
consumer, will  
find yourself  
even more  
entertained  
after perusing  
one of our  
publications.



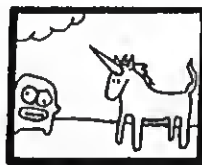
rigorous  
testing



superior  
idiocy



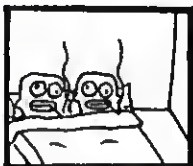
improved  
distribution.



increased  
creativity



acute  
pain



extreme  
moral fiber



action-  
packed

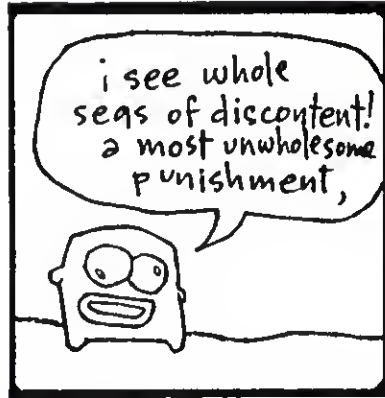


more funny

internal combustion.

by

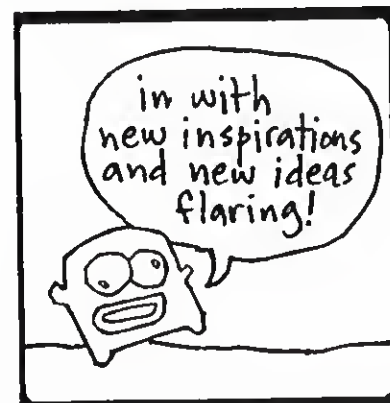
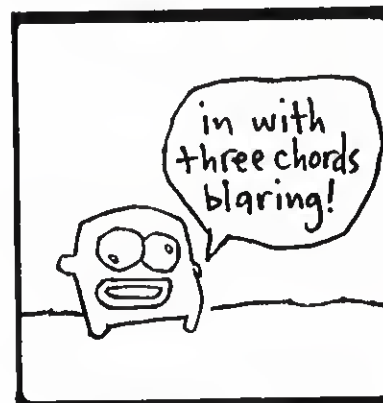
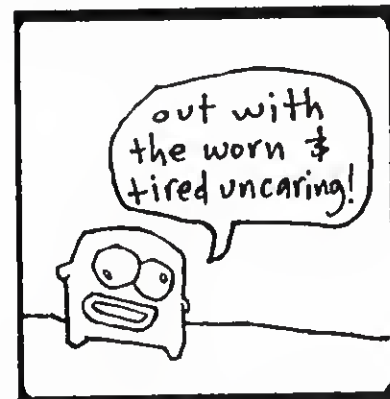
ian lynam



see whose got the winning hand. i have little hope for a bright and hopeful tomorrow where all the little people will hold a royal flush. more likely, they'll just get the royal flush of the corporate toilet & will be excused from the economic food chain altogether. but that's the future & this was the present. i packed up my bags & moved on... and on the third night i came here, one of my roommates & i were sittin' on the back porch steps, drinking cheap beer & smoking cigarettes and talkin' about how this town was gonna be so much better than the last one when i realized i had to piss... so i walked out into the grass and peed in front of God and everyone...

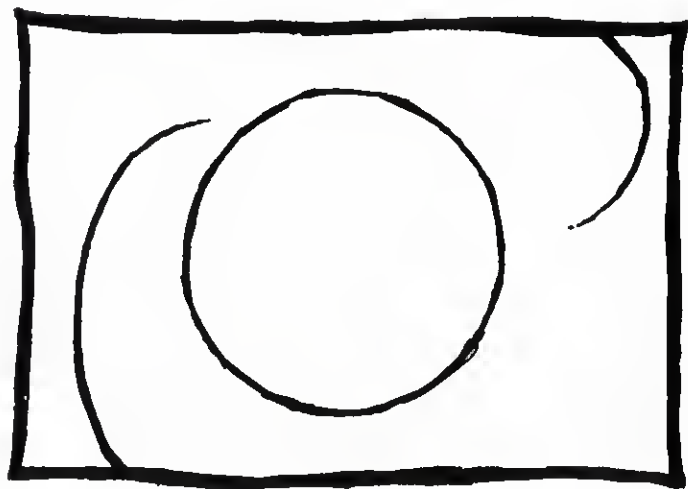
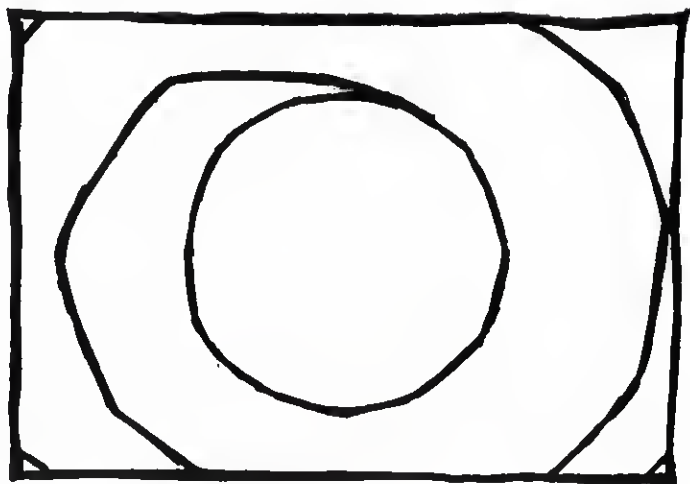
...i was home.

in a rundown part of another town with a slightly more real community that functions in and around it. i utilized my penchant for mobility inherent in most americans - a symptom of living in a place you can't love all the way... a lack of sensible ways of living being the main reason. a community is like a house of cards, yet the present tense of what communities are in ninety-nine percent of this country are as if an errant child decided to change the game and smash it all into a mess of 52 pickup. until all the players & all of the hands arrange themselves into something sustainable, we are all subject to that child of finance's whim... his interest is waning, as children's interests are often as swift as they are intense. with an economy still devoid of true hope and running on the twin vapors of credit & the collective memory of the false promises made to the general populace in the 1980's, we'll just have to wait &





the drought.

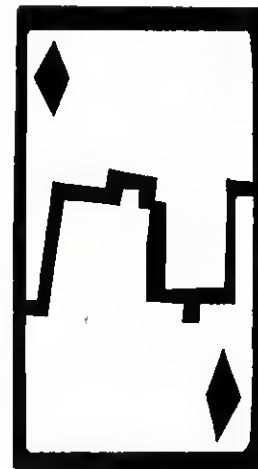


my brother's place had a small, fenced-in backyard that he'd walk around the house to and relieve himself in every night after we got home.



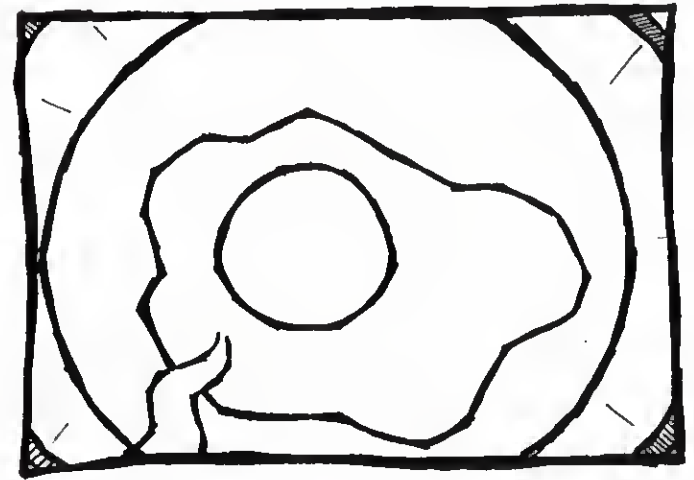
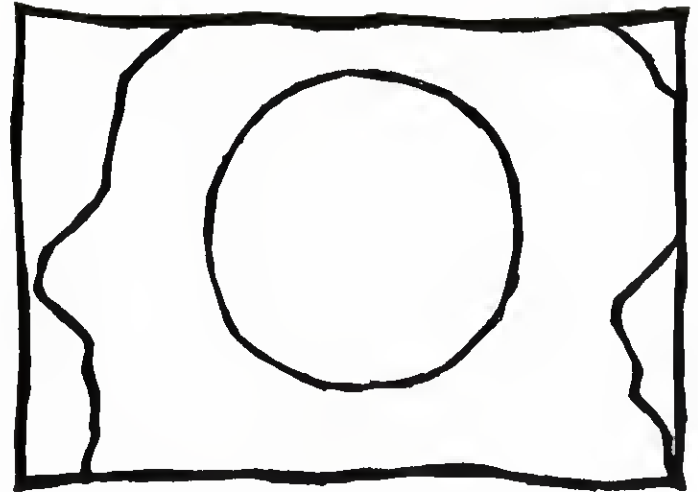
he'd smoke a cigarette & look at the stars in silence.

since then, i've moved to another hundred-year old house in beautiful condition

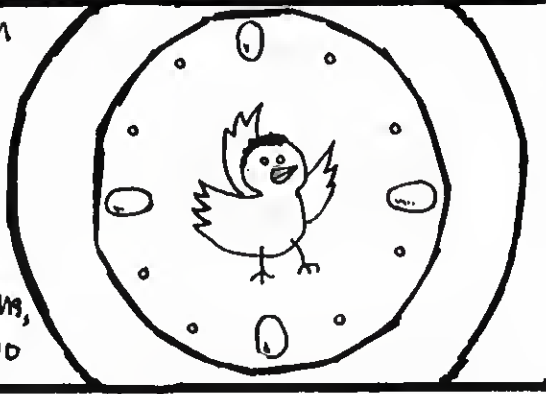




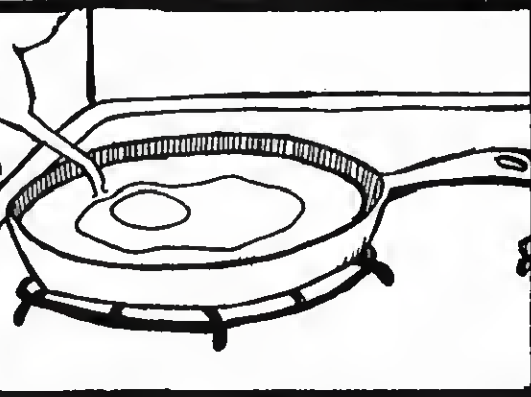
one of the most beautiful nature scenes i've ever witnessed behind the base reduced to a mere backdrop by the cyclone fencing... the one time i borrowed the van to go into town, i became incredibly lost trying to identify my brother's joint amongst the hundreds of similar cinderblock buildings on my way back. it turns out that i circled it for a half-hour before finally singling it out and parking hurriedly out front.



it hadn't rained in months. i'd wonder what i was doing in a place with as little rainfall as this three out of four seasons, getting up at two



in the afternoon i'd smoke cigarettes & drink coffee until three or usually four in the afternoon to avoid the heat & cruel sun as much as possible.



kind of thing you almost forget, & it sits in the back of your mind, waiting to be dug up... the shovel was visiting my brother in Colorado a few months ago. we'd drive into Colorado Springs proper with his son & his dog in his van, putz around, & then come home to his apartment on the military base - a pigeon shit cubicle. home for him & his

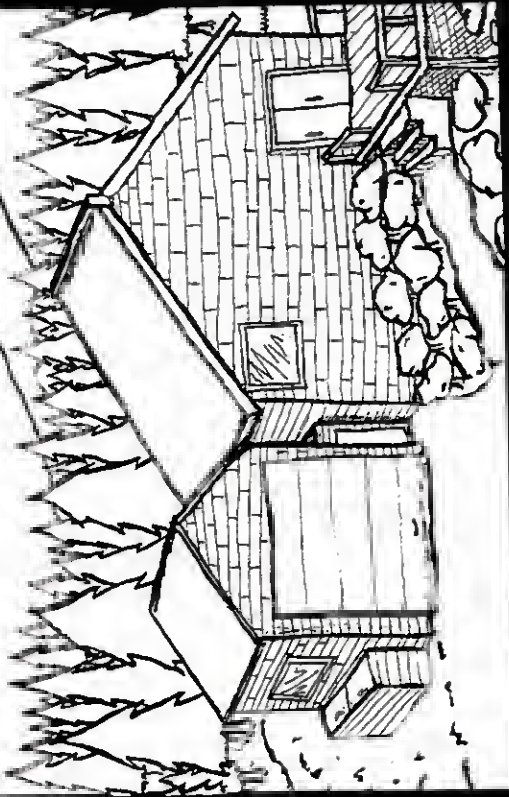
$$\begin{array}{r} + 2 \\ + 2 \\ \hline 4 \end{array}$$



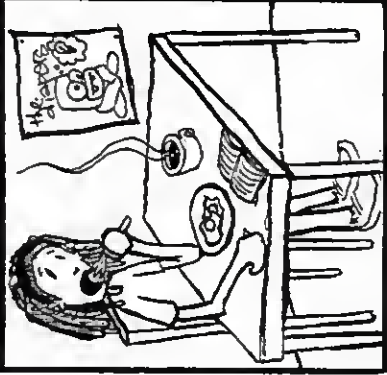
family was one of the scariest places i've ever been. a mess of identical cubes laid out in a giant grid devoid of any type of character. just pure mathematics & soullessness with



remembrance.

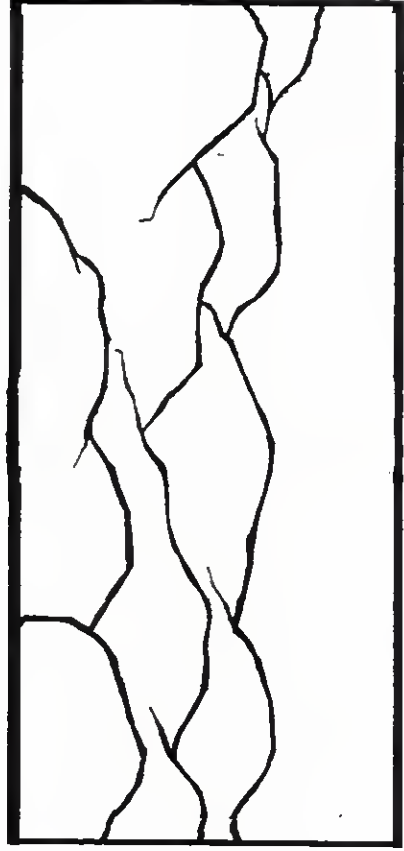


ever since i was a kid, i remember my dad coming home from work and walking straight to the backyard. i'd sneak around the side of the house to see if he was following the usual routine as he stretched out his arms in front of the grass and trees and fireflies who were just letting their presence be known as the sun receded into the background before unzipping his fly & pissing on the lawn... amusing as hell when you're a kid, but the



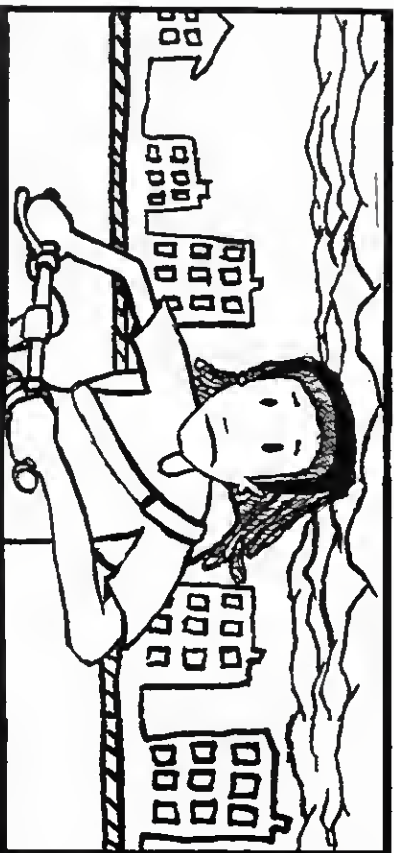
then, i'd venture outside...

one day, i walked out of downtown's public library & looked at the sky. huge storm clouds hung low & swollen overhead.

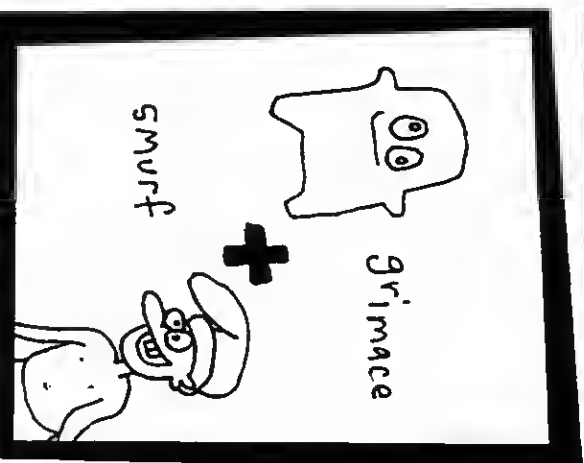




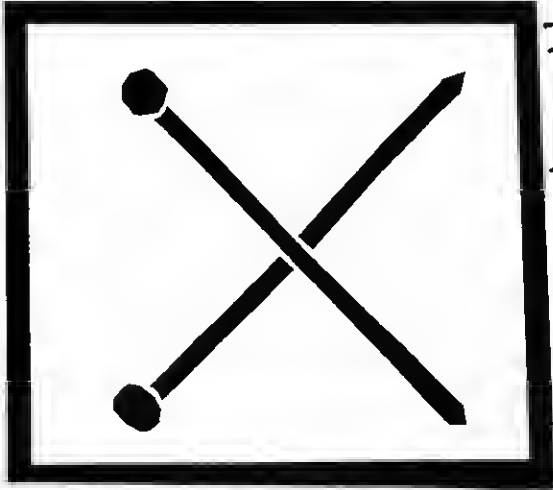
my arm ached where i'd broken it when i was sixteen. it was a good sign. but i still had to ride my bike & backpack stuffed to the gills with books across town before the rain started.



step behind her. we rode up in silence, then she turned toward me as we neared the top & smiled knowingly...



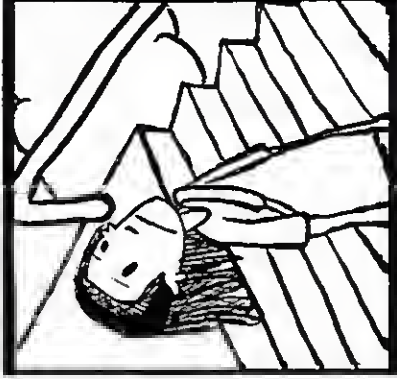
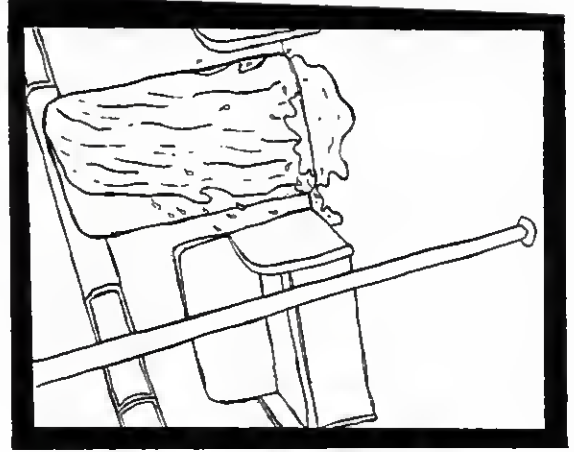
all i could return was the facial gesture i usually utilize toward strangers. i acquired it years & years ago. the most apt description that comes to mind is that of a facial shrug... it appears in times of acknowledgement, yet never fans out into a smile... just this cross between a grimace & a smirk.



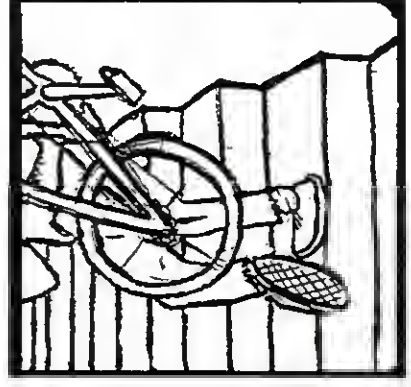
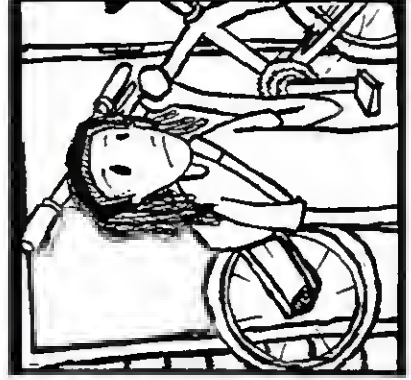
i stopped back home after my walk, then headed for the train. a girl sat across from me as the metal & plastic behemoth rumbled along the tracks. she was knitting & kept shooting nervous looks my way as her needles worked over & over

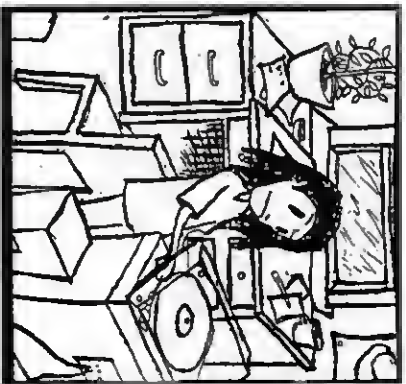
each other... when the train hit my stop, the pneumatic doors opened, & there was a huge waterfall blocking the way... the station's water main had busted a

huge leak, blocking the exit to the platform. as i stood there, bewildered, this beautiful woman with her hair drawn up in a ponytail walked up beside me... simultaneously, she & i stepped through the deluge... then, walked up to the escalator, me one



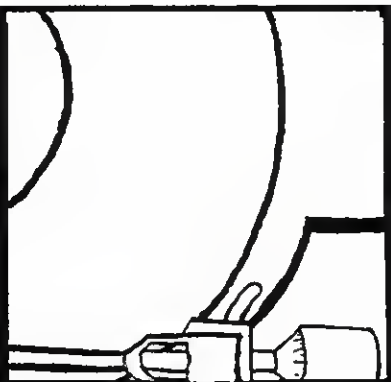
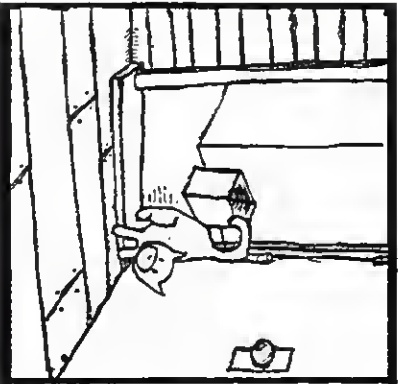
it began to sprinkle just as i reached my front door & let myself in.





i threw a record  
on the turntable.  
the stylus caught  
it all - the pops,  
the crackles, the  
slight underlying  
hiss that years  
of overuse had  
worn lovingly

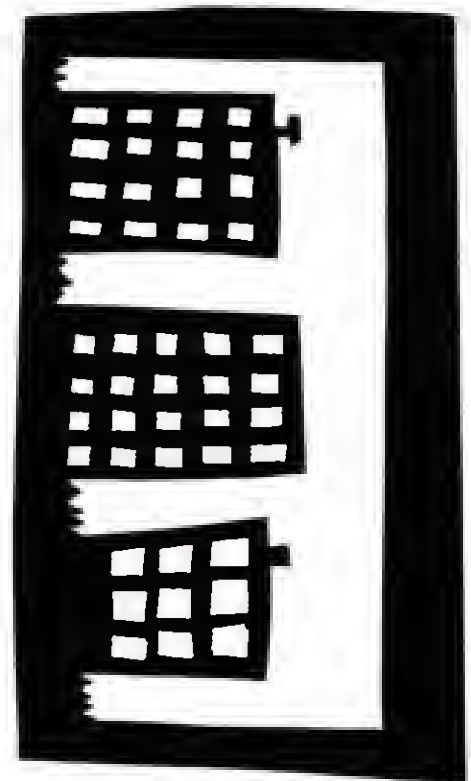
into that record.  
i unlocked my back  
door & threw it  
open to the rain.  
i ran out to the  
back porch and  
danced in the cool,  
glorious falling  
water. my cat



sauntered out and  
looked at me  
quizzically...

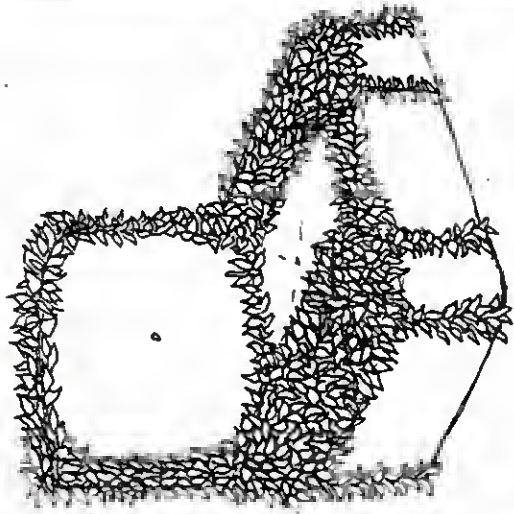
it was going  
to be a good night.

of economic  
necessity a  
novel haven  
for those above  
our means.  
perhaps even  
more disturbing  
is the fact  
that the installation  
is funded by a  
grant from a  
large corporation,  
one of the entities  
hellbent on  
disrupting local  
economies.





i walked past a public display up in the open storefront adjacent to sears. it's a living room full of wack furniture. i read an article all about it in the sunday paper. the artist who set it up's goal is to try to impose the possibility of actually living here on the fair consumers who come through



this neighborhood on the way to sears. this superimposition is a touching, though obviously unappealing idea to the subject audience. it's rundown & can be some what dangerous here-particularly at night. the general public knows this all too well. more than once, i've run into acquaintances filling up at the gas station around the corner while i was on a cigarette run & they were amazed that i lived where i do. and living where i do, i find it offensive as fuck that an easy chair with pink feathers pasted all over it (don't forget, it's art!) would wake a place where so many live out

the next day, i woke up, dressed, & shuffled outside.

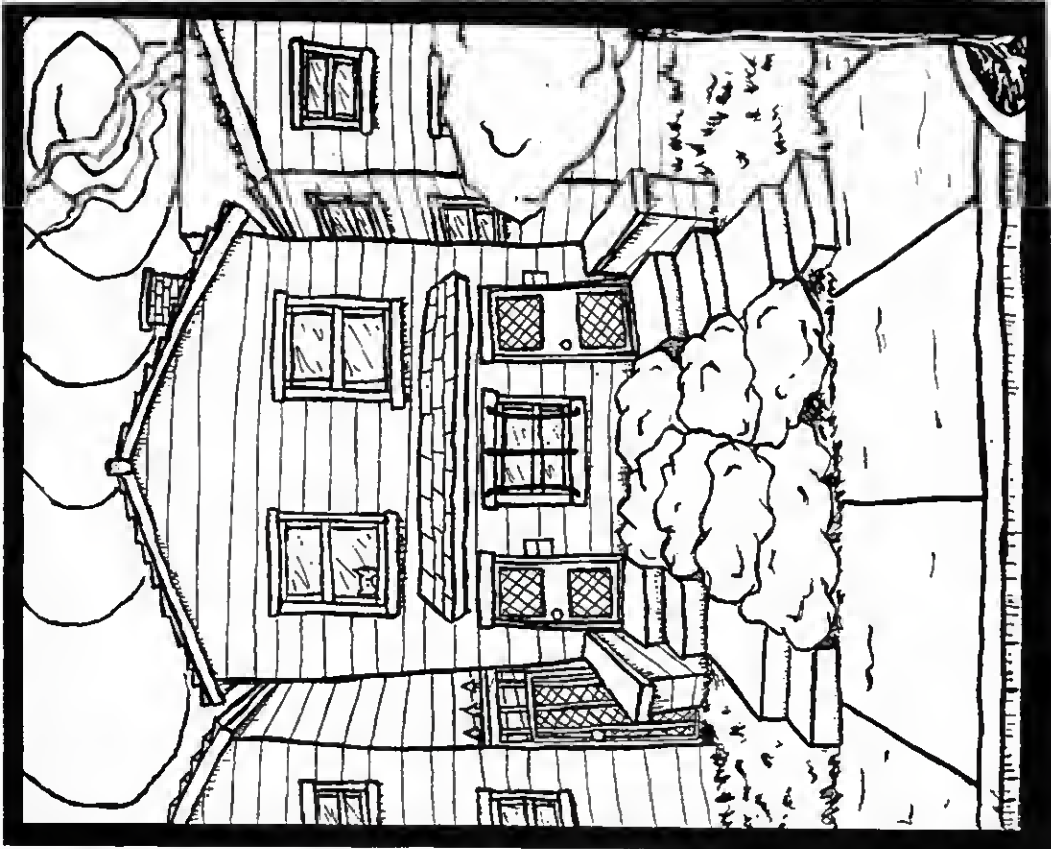
the sun was back... hotter than ever.

the only way things were going to change was if i changed them myself.

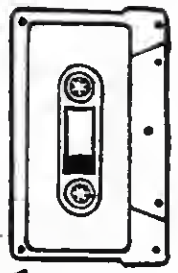
the bait.







house, pre-modernist in design. In other words, it's got hardwood floors, great wood detailing, & quite honestly, isn't a pigeonhole-white cubicle like the apartments most of my friends live in in other parts of town, thrown up & together in



palm trees & just thought  
 how much I fucking  
 took my trees I fucking  
 train our friend one time  
 times only hated on him  
 to we that stepped out in  
 I can't take it out in  
 the willow town - never got  
 on any train - never four  
 in a row - high school  
 travels of us army school  
 I traded my army school  
 rough banks next to  
 saw down someone - we cut  
 my train someone - we cut  
 as it asked - I stepped  
 this I got stepped on  
 could train stepped on  
 things design, at least  
 California, at least  
 one of the

[illegible]



## the neighborhood.

i thought to myself as i walked down the street to get a cup of coffee & wondered as to what brought about this north american ideal of social/economic/geographic mobility & the effect it has had on the places we live in. very few people i know are a content where they are & i believe a big part of that is the regard people hold for where they live. especially if where they live isn't really worth caring about.

i walked past the independently owned fast food joint & remembered back to two years previous. around 8pm one tuesday, one of that business patrons was standing in line to order when another man cut in front of him. the gentleman originally in line got so pissed that he jumped in his automobile,

gunned the engine, & drove straight into the business-cutting the cutter of the line rather messily in half with the front end of the car. i then walked past a parking lot where an independently-owned liquor store used to stand. the former owner had been shot three times while behind the counter during business hours. he sold the place to the first prospective buyer-an investment corporation looking to make a quick buck off downtown parking. i looked at all the razed lots where buildings once stood & at the boarded-up storefronts that line the street. all were vacant, save one. this used to be downtown...but they went & built highrises ten blocks away, abandoning this beautiful, historic area for dead. it boasts amazing, though decaying architecture here, as well as super-cheap rent. there's a whole lot of potential being ignored here, outshone by the giant glass cubes & neon of the new downtown. i live in a beautiful one-hundred year old

